Numb. 77.

The Female Tatler.

Written by a Society of Ladies.

Virtus eſt Medium vitiorum et utrinque Reductum. Horace.

From Friday December 30, to Monday January 2, 1710.

Artesia's Day.

From my Drawing Room.

THO' an exceſs of Virtue ſeems to imply a Contradiction, yet ſome People are too far drawn away by good Qualities, that tho' they are exceſſive yet ceaſe not to be Commendable: An Inſtance of this is an Uncle of ours, that has a large Eſtate and an Ancient Seat in *Suffolk*: He is Deſcended of the Honourable Family of the *Fortio's*, ſo famous for their Loyalty and Zeal for the Honour and Welfare of their Country. In every War they have always furniſhed out Armies with Heroes, that have made the Gallantry of *Engliſhmen* a Proverb among all Nations: My Unkle himſelf ſerved an 'Prenticeſhip under Mareſchal *de Turenne*, and left off when that great General was Unfortunately kill'd. He is a Man of undaunted Courage, but a very high Spirit, of an admirable good Nature, and unſhakable Integrity; no Man was ever truer to his Country, or paid Taxes with a better Will than himſelf. As he is a Juſtice of the Peace, he ſerves the Government faithfully, and is very ſevere againſt all *Grumbletonians*. Sometime ago a Fellow after reading the Votes, wiſh'd the Queen and Parliament took as much Care to keep the Poor from Starving at Home, as they did to keep their Armies Abroad. My Unkle heard of it, and had him whipp'd for ſpeaking Seditious Words. He is a prodigious Admirer of Soldiers, and whenever any are quarter'd near him, his Houſe is the general Rendezvous of the Officers, and no body in a Red Coat was ever unwelcome there: Once a Year he Brews half a Dozen Hogſheads of Incomparable ſtrong Liquor, which he calls his Triumphant Ale, of this he is very ſaving, but upon the Arrival of ſome good News, he has a large Tankard that holds two Gallons, which is call'd the Helmet of *Mars*, and whenever our own Forces or thoſe of the Allies have obtained any Advantage over the Enemy, this huge Piece of Plate continually, kept fill'd with Triumphant Ale, walks round among the Country People, Conquering as it goes as long as any body is able to hold it, whilſt the Old Gentleman crying for Joy, Hollows and Capers about like a Stripling, and throwing every thing he can lay his Hands on into the Bonfire. If he ſends any body into the Service, which happens very often, he calls it making him a Man, and gives him half a Piece out of his Pocket to Drink the Queen's Health, which at Night is the laſt Thing he does himſelf, and his Mornings Draughts always begins with *Proſperity to all our Forces by Sea and Land*: He has ſuch a Reſpect for every thing that belongs to the Army, that two Years ago he turn'd away his Chaplain for adviſing one of his Maids againſt Marrying a Drummer that was going for *Catalonia*. His Eldeſt Son, my Cozen *Alexander*, who made a Campaign before he was Sixteen, a very hopeful Gentleman, was kill'd at *Blenheim*. *Ceſar*, the Second, was Wounded in the Trenches before *Mons*, and is ſince Dead at *Lille*. He never had more than one Daughter, who died of the Small Pox about half a Year ago, and all the Children my Unkle has now alive is my Cozen *Pompey*, who is bound to one Mr *Mohair* a *Turkey* Merchant. *Pompey* it ſeems is an extravagant Youth, has debauch'd one of his Maſter's Maids, and is run away from him: What he has writ to his Father I don't know, but Yeſterday *Lucinda* received the following Letter from my Unkle.

Dear Niece,

'IN my laſt I wrote to you how your Cozen *Ceſar*, after having partaken of the Glory of the moſt Famous Victory that ever was obtained, had the Honour to be Wounded with a Grenado before *Mons*. Three Weeks ago I had a Letter of his Collonel, to acquaint me with his Death; he gives him a very great Character, and aſſures me at the ſame time, that his Brother *Alexander*, that was Shot at the Battel of *Blenheim*, would have been made a Captain, if he had out lived the Battel. The ſimple Woman your Aunt, is hardly to be pacify'd, and does nothing but lament his Loſs, not conſidering that they might have lived till Fourſcore, and not found an opportunity of dying ſo Glorioufly, or in ſo juſt a Cauſe. I deſign to erect the Valiant Couple a noble Tomb, and ſhall be obliged to you it you'll think of an Epitaph for them in *Latin*. I confeſs Niece, that I can ſcarce ſpeak of them without betraying more Weakneſs than in Juſtice I ought to do, and if I did not value my Children's Fame above my own Affections, I ſometimes could freely wiſh them alive again. I ordered Mr *Mohair* if he could find out the *Surgeon* that attended *Ceſar* to make him a Preſent of Five and Twenty Guineas, but I hear the Villain reports, that my Son was as well of his Wounds as any Man living, and accidentally dy'd of a Fever. Pray dear Niece enquire into this Matter, which is of the higheſt Importance to us all; and if you perceive that he has ever ſaid ſo, let the Raſcal not have a Farthing, and be forthwith proſecuted for Defamation.

'I have had ſome Complaints of *Pompey*, and hear he is grown a looſe Spark, but laſt Night I receiv'd a Letter from himſelf that has wholly reconciled me to him. I was always afraid the Boy was of an abject

'low

‘ low Spirit, and would have chose a pitiful unactive
‘ Merchants Life, but by his Writing I am in hopes
‘ that he is not entirely lost He talks of Five Hun-
‘ dred Pounds for a Company, but pray diswade him
‘ from those Mercenary ways, let him deserve it by
‘ treading the same Path of Honour as his Brothers
‘ have done before him; and assure him from me, that
‘ if he will go to the Army he shall want for nothing,
‘ have as handsome an Equipage and appear as well as
‘ any Captain there. In the mean time I have desired
‘ his Master to let him have Money and treat him like
‘ a Gentleman.

Your Loving Unkle, &c.

P. S. I have strictly charged *Pompey* to leave off keep-
‘ ing the Wench Company, of which his Master Com-
‘ plains, but rather than that should be an obstacle,
‘ you may privately insinuate to him, that I would
‘ not be very angry if he should take her along with
‘ him; for upon second Thoughts, as he was always
‘ a great Sloven, she may be serviceable to him in keep-
‘ ing his Things tight abroad.

By the same Post my Sister received this Letter I had another from my Aunt, who is a very good Woman, a Tender Mother, and an Obedient Wife. She is of the Family of the *Sapientio's*, who always contented themselves with being good Peaceable Subjects, and never hunted after Blessings but what were to be had in *England*. She Writes thus:

Dear Artesia,

‘YOU have heard without doubt, that my Poor *Cesar* is dead too, first my Eldest Son, last Sum-
‘ mer my Daughter, and now my *Cesar*, Poor *Cesar*
‘ too, whom I so fain would have kept at Home when
‘ his Brother was kill'd. O *Niece* I am Destracted for
‘ the Loss of my Children, and my Grief is daily ag-
‘ gravated by the Insensibility of my Unnatural Hus-
‘ band! Whenever I tax him with it or Lament the
‘ Miserable and Untimely Deaths of my Unfortunate
‘ Sons, all the Answer I can get from him, is, That
‘ they Sacrific'd their Lives to their Queen and Coun-
‘ try, to whom they ow'd it. Sometimes he thinks to
‘ Comfort me by talking of Tombs, Inscriptions, and
‘ what he'll pay to their Memories: But Heavens!
‘ what Recompence is all this to a Mother for the Loss
‘ of her Children! Another great Vexation I have, is
‘ to hear that my *Pompey*, my all I have left, is grown
‘ a Wild ranting Blade. Dear *Niece*, if my Husband
‘ should entice him likewise to the War, I am a Dead
‘ Woman; his Father Writes to him to Night, but
‘ what it is about I don't know: He seems pleased
‘ with him, I know his Humour, and am in Thousand
‘ Fears—— To have Three Sons with so much Care
‘ and Tenderness brought up to Men's Estate, how can
‘ a Man be so bewitch'd, and then to throw away
‘ their Lives as if they were of no Kin to him.——
‘ Fifteen Hundred a Year, and of Three as lovely Men
‘ as ever the Sun did shine on to my Children, shall
‘ I not have one to inherit it.—— If it was by Sickness
‘ or—— O Disconsolate Woman that as I am. Dear
‘ *Niece*, excuse the Incoherence of my Stile, my Head
‘ is much disorder'd.—— Pray deliver the inclosed to
‘ my Son.—— Remember *Artesia*, my only Son! and
‘ tell him, that if ever he leaves *England* he stabs me
‘ to the Heart; then tell him, that I am his Mother
‘ that brought him into the World.—— But so I did
‘ his Brothers.—— I can no more.—— *Adieu.*

My Sister and I are yet divided about the Course we ought to take, but whatever we agree upon, you shall have at another opportunity.

†††Bully Opthalmick *near St* Christopher's Church-Yard, *is desired to behave himself more Mannerly to his Superiors, more Civil to his Equals, and not so griping, in his way, to his Inferiors, who are the majority of his Patients, least he should discover to those who do not know him, his Education and Birth, which he so industriously Endeavours to hide, as well as his having his just Character at large in this Paper. This is by way of Caution that he may prevent it.*

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